

upon to decide on points which a proprietor himself would hesitate to determine, unless he were to visit the grounds in different lights and at different seasons and various times of the day during the course of a year." This leads to a degree of precipitation on the part of the artist, who knows his remuneration will be grudging unless he makes some striking and notable alteration, yet has little or no time allowed him to judge what that alteration ought to be. Hence men of taste and genius are reduced to act at random; hence an habitual disregard of the *genius loci*, and a proportional degree of confidence in a set of general rules, influencing their own practice, so that they do not receive from nature the impression of what a place ought to be, but impress on nature at a venture the stamp, manner, or character of their own practice, as a mechanic puts the same marks on all the goods which pass through his hands.

To "garden freely" is still a difficulty, and will continue to be so until people are willing to pay for THOROUGH.

ST. PAUL'S.—THE FUNERAL AND MONUMENT.

HAVING given place to my suggestions on the use of this building, allow me to point out that an opportunity, perhaps unique, now offers itself for testing, at no expense but that of a little thought, I will not say *their* practicability, but the adaptability or non-adaptability of *Mrs. Bull's* work to its ostensible purpose,—the experimental decision of no less a question than whether what we call by courtesy "the noblest edifice of modern times" be, in its main bulk, a useful or a useless one.—a success or a failure.

On this point, I presume, no one able and willing to give it the least attention, can have any doubt. But, for railroad thinkers and actors, nothing but an experiment will do, and I have shown that the thing cannot be put to experimental proof without stopping, by cloth hangings, the reverberation of certain surfaces I have indicated. The proof, therefore, would be nearly as costly as the permanent execution of this necessary furniture. But an occasion approaches on which it is customary to do the very thing required: the national feeling will not nicely calculate a little black cloth more or less, and its distribution is, as we are accustomed to say, only a matter of fancy, a refined synonym for chance. Might it not then hasten a more real appropriation of this "noblest edifice of modern times" to its pretended use, if this cloth were arranged in the manner that would allow an experimental decision of this question? For the dome lining (which is quite indispensable) might be substituted a tent-like velarium attached only at the eye and the cornice; and the remaining hangings are, I think, much the same, in quantity and distribution, as have been usual on great funerals in all cathedrals.

True, the *Times* has propounded the paradox that funeral and monumental honours, though they "may be ornamental, must not be useful" (of which more anon), and may say this would be as bad as Lord Ingestre's sewers, making the hangings useful, and taking back in profit some of what we pretend to waste. Be it so. Is it proposed to make a bonfire of them? or to tie them round the nation's beaver? Have a care: it will require some ingenious supervision even then, to keep them from wiping pens, or some other economical investment.

Well, if I may venture further, one word of the tomb. One great in war alone having pre-occupied the centre, the greater hero, great in all his relations, soldier, commander, politician, universal counsellor, seems likely to be thrust aside into a subordinate place. Now the tomb of Nelson is a thorough example of the above principle,—the *Times*' version of the "Lamp of Sacrifice,"—as far as the unfortunate clash of requirements between a tomb and a monument would permit. Tombs,

indeed, have by some strange oversight been made monuments too, in several countries and from very early down to very late times; but this is plainly an antiquated error, to be dispelled by the enlightenment of to-day. For a tomb, you see, must serve some use,—it must enshroud and secure the body,—while a monument must not be useful: we must not take back from what it costs anything whatever in the shape of purpose served, or, according to the *Times*, it does no honour to the deceased. The requirements of the two things, then, are incompatible, and to make this as much of a monument as he could, the artist's only resource, as he could not make it quite useless, was to make it as useless as he could,—serving the bare necessities indeed of a tomb, but as imperfectly as possible. In other times and places, as Egypt, Greece, and Younger England, they fell into the barbarism of making such things answer the tomb-requirements as perfectly as they could, and so, for a great man, hollowed the sarcophagus and its lid out of two entire blocks of the strongest, closest fitting, most impervious and imperishable material their land afforded, or the most beautiful among materials equally excellent for these qualities, and then cut the exterior into a general shape suggestive of the form required by the interior, but (if exposed) beautified by the substitution of natural curves for straight lines and planes, and with mechanical high foliage, or an epitaph or symbols or imagery, or whatever they could do well, and no mimicry of what others only could do. In sublime contrast to all this, then, we have the wooden coffin merely left on the floor, and walled round with small slabs standing edgewise, made to mimic the peculiar finishings of Italian empty sculpture frames on a pedestal made for something important; and then, on the top, to represent this something, for which so much preparation is made, poor old Wolsey's empty sarcophagus. So Nelson is neither buried, like a little man, nor entombed, like a great one,—has neither a grave, nor a sarcophagus for use, but a handsome second-hand one for ornament: for, since Mr. Bull has developed the refined principle that monuments (and many other things) may be ornamental, but must not be useful, he yet seems to find nothing better for ornaments than other people's cast-off articles of utility, or superfluous repetitions and representations thereof, as all his architecture, Palladian or Poginian, alike shows; and this almost drives me to think there must be some truth in what Mason says, that "Beauty scorns to dwell where Use is exiled," since you are obliged even where she is exiled to make it appear she is present, and make your useless things mimic useful ones. Ruskin indeed flatly contradicts the poet, by informing us that the most beautiful things in nature are the most useless, and as I cannot undertake to decide the point, not knowing which of Nature's works (the sun, or any other remarkable for beauty) are the most useless, I must conclude some difference exists between nature and art. Possibly, she may be able to take some liberties we cannot.

We see here then, as in all Mr. Bull's works, since his younger days, that his favourite lamp is "sacrifice;" first, a great sacrifice of the excellence or efficiency of the work itself, beg pardon,—the useful part of the work, or rather the useful appendage thereof, to make it appear he can do without something others cannot; and then a tangible sacrifice of something useful or apparently useful, and to remain unused, as an ornament, i.e. to show how much work he can afford to waste. And this latter sacrifice, here observe, carries out the perfection of economy, having cost Mr. Bull nothing, but been paid for by Cardinal Wolsey (take care no Cardinal W. gets his bones into it after all). Well, then (to prevent this), suppose the remains of the great man of duty, instead of being thrust aside into a second place, were to repose here, centrally, and over the fellow-hero whose work he completed, and whose dying words he fulfilled.

If the empty receptacle be insufficient, will Mr. Bull refuse a new one at his own expense, equally noble and perfect in its kind, of Cornish porphyry or Irish basalt, finished with

the best of such workmanship as he can do best? (not with mimicry of what he can do worst.) Remember you cannot be first in everything. In what shall the shrine excel,—in size, in elaboration, in sculpture, or in fitness and perfection of mechanism and mechanic finish? If you choose size or elaboration, you choose things in which it is certain to be eclipsed, by the next rich fool that fancies this mode of exposing himself. If you choose sculpture, you choose that in which you are equally certain to be laughed at. Do, for once, Mr. Bull, attempt what you can do well, and do it thoroughly, and let the tomb of Wellington be a thing not growing old and ridiculous; a thing to be not gaped at, but always honoured, always honourable,—like the things your antiquaries still find lovely and fresh, that six centuries of inventions have not enabled us to smile at or pity.

But will there be room on this to cut the epitaph? Plenty; for this reason: on looking round this and other of Mr. Bull's campsites, we shall observe him to be labouring under a singular error, that the greater the deceased, greater wits are needed to write his epitaph. Now, this is utterly contrary to the fact, as I think an example or two, even among the men, will make plain. Suppose, Sir, you had to write my epitaph—don't you think it would be a tough job? I think, to make a good thing of it, it would take (excuse me) a cleverer fellow than you. Now, yours would be much easier; and as for Welby Pogin's, I think you or even I might undertake it. So, you see, the less little the man, the less wit needed for his epitaph; and the length, too, is commensurate with the difficulty. My exploits would require considerable explanation; yours might be far less dilated on. So, also, to what may be called a small great man, you must give all his names and titles in full; to a very great one, a single name suffices; and there may be cases where a single initial would never become ambiguous. Few kings' tombs have ever that. I believe it may be taken as a rule, the shorter and easier the epitaph, the more honourable, provided it be understated. So, then, you surely would not need to lengthen anybody's: you would not cover Wellington now with more than one name and one title at the very utmost? You would not surely put more than

"WELLINGTON, THE PEACEMAKER."

Now, let us leave the crypt, not without a thought of the long clear foresight that provided this place for the real shrines of England, when all the trumpery and the very that mocks them above shall be in its right place, and worthiness a bushel, and that it must come—must—must,—lest it be said, "The later English were a nation of gluttons and hungrigs, living on each other's vanity, and fattening each his brother's foolery for his own table,"—must,—that the boasted "sacrifice" of paying for them be not an empty brag,—that we "take back nothing" in the shape of purse-pride and self-display, any more than of utility to our poor neighbours. Mr. Bull has chosen the kind of "sacrifice" he must carry it through. He has settled his rules: let him observe them, and finish his sacrifice on the altar of the lime-kiln.

Now, observe, Sir, that many of the greatest men, in the greatest times and places, have had no greater monument than that here proposed, namely a tomb of the most perfect execution and excellent material, in a place of pre-eminent honour in a chief religious place. In short, they have been monumented without waste, though not without sacrifice. The sacrifice and the honour shown have been, not in the amount of superfluities and useless things, but the liberal devotion of unnecessary and yet useful ones; not in the display of so much (and no more) work thrown away, but the application of all the work that could possibly be applied to better the thing; the denial of nothing that could make it more perfect; not the building of so many columns, so many feet high, or so many blank windows, or other representations of fragments of useful things, so many laughing-stocks to show how much you can afford to waste in honour of a man to